Volume XV Chicago, Ill., July, 1938 Number 4

The Liberalist

All that the world needs for guidance of its life could be written on two pages of a child's copy-book. A few strong instincts and a few plain rules would set the world singing on its way, instead of tying it up in periodical blunders. Leaning may need large space, thousands of volumes, vast experiment and failure and progress; but, strange to say Wisdom carries but a small portion of such baggage.

—Dearborn Independent.

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The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume XV Chicago, Ill., July, 1938 Number 4

DR. BRADLEY IS HONORED

By Grace Thayer Bradley

When Dr. Bradley is honored in any way he feels it is not his alone but that his Church shares it with him. He felt this very decidedly when the old and most estimable Lake Forest College conferred upon him the highest degree the College gives, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

The sky was overcast the morning of June eleventh and there had been very heavy rain during the night so that the prospect of a brilliant day befitting the occasion was not propitious. Never-the-less crowds were gathering by the time Dr. and Mrs. Bradley accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Harrison arrived at the College Administration Building. They were greeted in the lobby by President Moore and members of the faculty and college trustees. Dr. Bradley immediately donned his collegiate cap and gown and joined the procession forming outside, walking with President Moore.

It was an imposing looking line led by the American flag, the College colors and banners, and the college band, followed by the senior class, faculty, board of trustees and other dignitaries, all in caps and gowns. A brilliant note of colour was added by the "hoods' (so called) worn by the faculty and some of the trustees, draped gracefully over their shoulders and streaming down their backs, the various colours designating different degrees, some very gorgeous.

The procession proceeded to the campus which is no doubt on a bright June day a very beautiful spot, surrounded by magnificent old trees, but on this day the closely cut lawn was very nearly a lake. By the time the procession reached the platform which was banked with red and white peonies, white daisies and ferns, the sky had grown darker and thunder rolled and cracked, and even as President Moore, over a loud-speaker was telling that vast audience seated and standing to hurry without ceremony or form to the First Presbyterian Church near by, the rain descended. He said "near by, across the campus"—but the campus is a broad one, and there were many cars parked on the roads which wind through it, and there was quite a jam. Still many didn't wait to find their cars,—many didn't have cars, and all made haste to reach the Church, but none without getting pretty wet by the time they got there. Never-the-less the beautiful old Church, noted for its many handsome memorial windows was packed as never before, every nook and corner wherever people could gain a foothold. Dignity and order again restored, the seniors and faculty swung down the broad aisle as the organ pealed forth "Pomp and Circumstance" which has a way of making the heart beat a little faster and one almost stands on tiptoes with that feeling of something great about to happen. Dr. Bradley with President Moore and several of the faculty had chairs in the pulpit.

After the invocation and a song by the Glee Club, President Moore went to the rostrum and immediately launched into his presentation address. It seemed an add-

ed honor to have the President of the College make this address. After speaking of Dr. Bradley's character and his achievements educationally—religiously—civically, his fine voice rang out clearly—distinctly saying: "And now upon you Preston Bradley the board of trustees and the faculty of Lake Forest College have the honor and pleasure of conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws." Dr. Bradley stood up, removed his cap and came forward beside President Moore. The hood of purple velvet crimson and black satin was placed over his shoulders, and the engraved vellum diploma in a leather folder presented. Then President Moore grasped the Doctors hand. It was a tense moment for Dr. Bradley's friends who were present, the board of trustees of his Church, many Church members and those nearer still — Mrs. Bradley and Jim had come down from the Bradley's summer home in northern Minnesota, and Mrs. R. V. Judson, Dr. Bradley's sister, came over from Michigan for the occasion. Hearts swelled with pardonable pride,—throats tightened with emotion—eyes glistened—smiles wreathed their faces.

After thanking the trustees and faculty with expressions of appreciation, Dr. Bradley gave the commencement address to the graduating class. Such a fine type of young man and womanhood. They listened attentively without turning a head,—and later many of them said they never would forget it. The address so earnest—so dynamic—so inspiring that when Dr. Bradley closed the enthusiastic audience gave such an ovation he was obliged to stand up again and again humbly to bow his thanks.

After all—it is a fine thing—isn't it— to have "honor given where honor is due?"

* * * * *

MEDITATION

•

"Infinite Heart, we envisage, as we begin to frame these words which are the messengers of our deepest desires, hundreds of young people, thousands of them, many of whom are in relationship with our service either in their presence here, or in the opportunity afforded them upon the air. We have one deep longing, deep in our hearts, that to every one of them with life before them, all of life, that every influence of this opportunity might be helpful to them in the realization of their dreams. Life, life is so beautiful and so important, might we make every effort we can to assist in the realization of those high ideals which motivate so many of our young people; might there be no other quest of life, might there be no other ambition except to make life an experience of beauty and grandeur, that when it is over and there are no more tomorrows, we can look back across the years at a well lived, beautiful life.

This petition in our prayer of the morning is inspired by a prayer that came from the lips of a youth too, a youth who loved life so adequately that those around him could not understand, and he paid the penalty of his great love very early, but his heart lives, and his words live, and across the centuries in his memory we sing:

'Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name . . . ."

"YOUTH — IT IS YOUR DAY"

•

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, June 5, 1938.

"For the past three weeks, and for the next two, every evening, with the exception of Saturdays, I have been, and will be, facing commencement classes in five different States that are being graduated from our High schools and Colleges during the present Commencement Season. It has been one of the greatest experiences of my life. I am quite sure has done vastly more to me than I have been able to do for the hundreds of graduates whose graduating addresses I have given. I have faced this great phalanx of one most important branch of our citizenship with a great challenge. They have brought the challenge to me, I did not bring it to them. When I first started commencement addresses many years ago, there was an entirely different approach, an entirely different technique than there is now. Those days, the youth who were being graduated and were about to be absorbed by a society, were going into a society which was very static in its character, a society of very definitely circumscribed areas, a society with very definite standards, a society with very obvious values. There was a certain development of thesis which every commencement speaker automatically used as he faced those classes. As we look back to some of those phrases today, we see how bromidic they were, we see how sophomoric was our attitude. Now the society to which the youth of our present generation are being absorbed is an entirely different society, a society which is not static, quite the contrary, it is a period of fluxation, a society which is not sure whether there are certain definite values or not and is even beginning to question whether there is any such thing in human history as a law of progress, a society which is evidencing a definite psychological reaction from an unachieved ideal, for we did have an ideal, which was so highly imperative in its motivation for international comity and understanding that it even resulted in a great catastrophy to our civilization to preserve that ideology, a society that has so far lapsed from that first ideal that in the midst of the complete breakdown of much of our modern civilization, is suffering from that form of psychological reaction.

Well now, our modern youth are going out into that kind of a society, and rather than approaching them as we have been doing, this year I have been facing them apologetically, not apologetic over the fact that there are not permanent values, nor that there are not certain standard values, this I believe, but apologetic that my generation has been largely responsible in creating an opportunity, or not creating one, for our modern young people, to the extent that an element of personal guilt I sometimes feel. I wonder what has been the result of all the years of this effort of preaching and of pointing, attempting to point out, a finer idealism for national and economic rationalism and a matter of social justice; that if I have met the high responsibility of my opportunity, or failed. Certainly I cannot go before young people today realizing that there are five millions of them within the confines of this Republic who cannot not possibly be absorbed apparently by a social organizm which can utilize what they have to offer for creative production or for the better distribution of life's values. There are five million young people, you know, in

the United States today that have nowhere to go; they are apparently finding great difficulty in objective. The objective is there as far as they are concerned, but there seems to be an environmental condition in which to function that is in oppositional relationship to their own objectives, with the result that I cannot go before young people today with a feeling of superiority complex, I rather go before them asking that I be privileged to longer share in the reclamation of the fine elements of our civilization which I believe they are going to make in the next 25 years. I do not ask them to treat me as an adult with a more or less mature mind and a philosophy which has been authenticated by the experiences of life, for whatever is happening to anyone is happening to everyone, so I ask the opportunity not in the relationship of adult to adolescence or developing life, but I have been asking for a relationship with modern youth which is being authenticated by educational institutions and by the institutions in our public school system. I am asking that they accept me for about 25 years more and let me work with them and along by their side; it is a partnership which I am asking for and not merely a condemnation or criticism on the part of youth.

Thus far I have been having some most interesting experiences which I would like to share with the congregation this morning and my radio friends. Several of them are quite startling. A very common experience which I have when I go to a city where I have never been before, and face a High school class where I have never spoken is when I come into the auditorium, as I did the other night, and here are these fine High school graduates all dressed up with their caps and gowns. They did not have them when I graduated from High school at all, but the young people today do have and I think it lends a dignity and charm and certainly a uniformity in dress which makes the old competition, especially between the girls in the class, much less. In 1905, thirty-three years ago, I was graduated from High school. I remember that there was not a little competition between the girls as to their graduating dresses, and I remember one little girl that felt rather badly and there were tears because she could not dress as well as the rest of the girls in the class. The modern custom of our High schools has changed all that, and I am for it. I arrived in the High school, and there was the graduating class of 100 all standing along the hall which led into the High school auditorium, and I walked slowly by on my way to the superintendent's office, and a great big strapping senior looked at me and said "Who's that?" and the others all looked and finally one young lady said, "Sh! Sh! that's the speaker," and he replied, perfectly audibly, "Good Lord, have I got to sit and listen to that man talk?" I know something of what is expected of commencement speakers and I told that class that night that incident, I heard it, and I looked around at the class seated behind me on the platform and said, "Don't try to identify him because I am not looking at the right one, but this class is not going anywhere until I am through, and you are not going to get these diplomas until I have finished. You might as well sit down and relax and make the best of it because you are going to hear me talk." After I had ended my address that young man came up to me with a very definite apology, and, of course, there was no apology necessary for the young man only spoke what 90 percent of the graduates think of all commencement speakers. Some of the most terrible, the most ineffective addresses which I have ever heard in my life have been given by commencement speakers both in High schools and Colleges on the

supposition, it would seem, that they were designed like Hamlet, to set the world right. They start out to solve every problem of the universe and then wind up by giving advice to the class. I never do that, I have an entirely different technique. I never approach the matter that way at all, I approach this whole problem as I am approaching this morning, particularly in this kind of a world. Have you ever stopped to realize that this world has not known a normal year, not a normal year, in twenty-four years? This country and this world has not had what could be classified as a normal year, a normal year in anything, in any sphere of life that could be called normality. Something happened when that flash of lightning dropped out of that August sky on that far-off day in 1914 and set the powder magazines of the world's hate to exploding! Something happened back there almost a quarter of a century ago, and everything that is happening now can be definitely traced back to that cloudless day of August, 1914. What does that mean? That means that not a solitary single person alive in the United States under the age of twenty-four has ever known a normal environment in which to function. That means that these young people that are giving us such concern, both for their future and the contribution that they will make in the making of that future, have been laboring under some handicaps, and they have been working at some disadvantage! Not a single High school student, members of my classes, or a High school student in the United States has experienced their High school career under normal conditions that most of us knew. I certainly did not go through my High school days with the same environment that the High school boys and girls are having today, and it was all to my advantage, and rather than entertain this attitude of criticism that I so frequently hear on the part of adults towards modern youth, I simply cannot share it, ladies and gentlemen, I do not think that young people ever had a more difficult time than they are having now. I do not think that it was ever more difficult for a young man and a young woman than it is right now. I do not believe that young people ever found a society in which they are attempting to function like the society which we have created for them. It never was as easy to go wrong and stay wrong as it is today! There is a great difference between the youth of today and my youth, of course, but it is a difference which I respect. In my youth there were certain circumscribed areas and if you stepped outside of those areas you were penalized, and you paid and paid. There are no such areas today, they do not exist, and because they are not the young person that goes fine and high and clean and strong has all the more to their credit for their victory than I or you had with any little victory we might have had. There is no individual that creates within me greater admiration today, not the morality of the adult, not even their idealism, than when I find young people serious-minded, and I find hundreds of them, about what they are going to do about conditions and in the remaking of this future, and they are going to do it! When are we going to be realists about this matter? The other day, in Colorado, a High school paper published as the caption in telling the story of the graduation and commencement exercises, the editor-in-chief of that paper published this caption "W.P.A., Here We Come!" I shuddered a little bit when I first read it and then my shudder ceased. The mere fact that that young man was conscious and aware of the fact that that was a general statement of a condition which could not be denied, that in itself was evidence that he and his

generation proposed to do something about a condition like that. That did not discourage me about him, that encouraged me. The young people of today are becoming realists again; they are facing facts and they are not running away from them; they are not ostriches, young people today are realists. It wearies me just a little, and sometimes more than a little, when I hear people base their opinions of our young graduates and young people today, which are largely based upon the collapse of certain individuals in the youth group of a spectacular character of crime, and yet they are the only ones you hear about! Five young people in one High school can give a reputation to the entire school; one young man, one young woman, in one High school,, by what they are and do, can give a reputation to an entire school, and it is because sin is dramatic. There is very little that is dramatic about virtue and decency. Vice is spectacular, it always has been and always will be, and the personalities in history who have lived because of their associations in this matter have lived because of the spectacular and dramatic element coupled with vice. Sin and vice are always news; goodness never is, honor never is, these things are not news. And when I face these young people, night after night, I cannot help but say to them, which is my deepest conviction, that for every young person who is fundamentally unsound in morals and life, there are a thousand more fine young people who are fundamentally right. They will make mistakes, they will have failures, but I am not going to let that lead me into the temptation of denouncing a whole generation of young people because a minority of those people is bad or vile; a minority is not going to give reality to the reputation of the entire group. And I have never known, and I am constantly having seminars, I had one at the Theological School with several undergraduates seated around me in a school and they wanted to ask questions, and they did, I wish I had time to tell you the character of those questions, you cannot tell me that young people are not thinking just because you see some wild parties in automobiles or city taverns filled with a lot of youngsters. These are the things that are before us in the cities more than anywhere. Don't judge young people by some of these city sights or some of the articles you read in the newspapers about what young people have done. I can show you some other kind, and the 'other kind' is in the majority—the other kind. I have sat down with them in conference in seminars, I have listened to their questions. I have sensed their idealism, and the only thing I ask of them is to give me an opportunity to work with them for what little time there might be left to me to keep my little lamp burning in this dark world. I ask nothing more, or nothing higher for myself than to be accepted by them as a worker by their sides. That's my attitude toward modern youth, and it is the day of youth.

The other evening another graduating student, before I went onto the platform, taught me something. He was a fine, strong, stalwart looking chap, he turned to a young lady by whose side he was to march to the exercises and said: 'Let's hurry up and get this thing over and then we will be out in the racket with the rest of them.' I did not hear her reply to that sentence, but I heard him say 'Life is a racket, life is a racket.' That changed my whole address that night. I wish you might have heard it. I did not speak to anyone except that one young man, and I took for my subject 'Life is a racket.' And when I arose and looked at that class and said: 'Mr. Superintendent, members of the Board of Education, members of the Faculty, ladies and gentlemen: My subject tonight is 'Life is a Racket', and

I looked out of the corner of my eye at that young man. After I was through, the first person to greet me, the first person to speak to me before anybody else was that young man, and there were tears in his eyes, and he said to me: 'Doctor Badley, life is not a racket, life is not a racket!' and if there is a young person listening to me who thinks of life as such, that you cannot do anything about it, in the next twenty-five years you can! We have not been able to do much for you, we have failed you, but you young man are going to do it; you are going to make a better world for your children than we have made for you, and the only thing I ask of you is to let me work on the sidelines along with you in that great game of tomorrow, for life is not a racket, it is not pull, it is not pressure, it is not accident, life is merit and merit more than ever before, and if you are the kind that thinks that cleverness and pull and all that sort of thing can take precedence over honest effort and honest merit, then, of course, you will have a rude awakening some day, for it is not true.

As I close with my classes, do you know the note with which I use? Well, it is this note: recognizing, as I do, the potentiality of youth, and it is there, it is there, and the only hope we have is in their hearts, I have not much hope for the ability of the adult machinery of international affairs to function; the whole thing is in a state of utter collapse! Look at the modern leadership of the world, and who are they? Call the roll of them! Look at the childishness being displayed, look at the incompetency everywhere, look at the inefficiency extant wherever you turn! Why, to youth it is the great day, and I wish I was twenty again, I would like to be twenty in just this kind of a world. I don't think I would be a cry-baby and say 'There is no opportunity! The professions are all crowded.' I don't think that I would say that democracy is going to smash up, that politics are rotten and vile and develop a cynicism and despair and develop a spirit of defeatism, and you are not doing it, and you look to me, the vast numbers that are here this morning, like a group of young people who mean business, and I believe you are going to do it, but I always close in this strain, and I cannot help it, I close with it because I think it is good to say. I never look at my young people in these classes, as I will tomorrow night in Charleston, but I turn to them and say: 'Now, you look very fine today, and you probably have never looked better or felt happier and you think it is your night, don't you? And, of course, one or two of them will nod their heads, and I say to them, 'I would be the very last to take a solitary second of this glory from you. We are proud of you, your Board of Education, your faculty, your community, the taxpayers who have educated you, and I would not take one moment of this glory from you, not a moment! and then I say, 'I don't know a member of this class by name, and I don't know a person in the audience, and it is a rare experience if I do, but I know something about High schools and I see a cross-section of society in the auditorium, and I know somebody else here whose night it is, out here in the audience tonight. A mother who never had a diploma or degree but she sacrificed and worked hard and denied herself and has gone without things that would have made her quite happy, for some girl to sit on this platform tonight—I think it is her night too. I think she is being graduated too. And I don't know a single father, but out in this audience tonight there is a Dad that is holding his head high and is proud, but you look at his hands and they will be rather stained with toiling, and that Dad never had a diploma and never graduated from anywhere in his

life but the University of Hard Work, and that Dad is looking at some fine son upon this platform tonight, and I think it is his night too.' Then I tell them of another Dad which I knew thirty-three years ago who sat and watched his boy graduate, there were only sixteen in that class, but they were some of the smartest people that ever graduated and after the graduating exercises were over—that Dad never went to school a day after he was fourteen, he never had a diploma nor a degree from any college, but he sat down on the porch steps that night with some friends and his wife and daughter and that son, and he put his hand upon the boy's knee and said: 'My boy, we made it! We made it!' And I say to those young people, 'Before you go to bed tonight, I want one of those girls to go to that mother, all alone, and plant the holiest and sweetest kiss upon her cheek and say 'I want to thank you for what you have done for me. I am through with High school and I want to thank you.' I know a mother here that will hardly sleep that night from happiness, she will find a little girl again whom she thought had gotten away from her. I say to those boys, 'Go to that Dad before you go to bed and just the two of you alone, take his hand and look into his eyes and say to him: 'Dad, I may have said things which I am sorry for, but before I go to bed tonight on my graduation day, I want you to know that I appreciate everything you have done for me.' And then I turn to that class and I think as I tell them of twelve years ago on the second Sunday of October when I walked into this pulpit for the first time in this building with all the problems involved and all the work of the years, and on that dedication Sunday as I arose to preach my dedication sermon of this new building in which you are now seated, I don't know what I said with my lips, it may have been the greatest sermon of my life, but there sat my Dad and he looked into my face and the thing which I wanted to say with my lips, I wanted to shout it, I wanted the whole world to know it, I did not care, I wanted to shout it from the housetops, 'Dad, Dad, we made it!' And then I say to my young people: 'Young people, you have more rights than any other young people in the world,' and they have, you have, 'but, young people, there is one right you have not got, and never will have it, 'and now I become the preacher, 'you have not a right, and you never will have it, to do, say, or become, anything that will cause the proud head of that Dad to blush in shame, or the heart of that Mother to break. There is one thing you have not the right to do, you have not a right to drag into the gutter and slime of life the name which you bear'."

• • •

HERE AND THERE

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Dr. Bradley has decided to make a short trip to Europe. His niece's condition at present seems favorable enough to warrant his leaving, and he will sail on the S.S. Washington of the United States Line July 27th. The ocean voyage gives Dr. Bradley such complete rest and relaxation it is of infinite value toward building up physically and mentally for the winter. Even though he will not be away as long as he had planned to, he will pick up on the other side much inspiring and interesting information for which his listeners will be the richer throughout his work in the fall. Upon Dr. Bradley's return he will rejoin Mrs. Bradley at their little Island in Lake Vermilion, Minnesota, before opening the Church services September 18th. Everyone wishes for him a pleasant journey—a real and much needed rest—and a safe and happy return!

•

Rollin B. Organ, the oldest member of the Church—by point of age—celebrated his ninety-

fourth birthday July nineteenth. Mr. Organ served as coxswain on a Union gunboat at the siege of Vicksburg, and is now the last surviving member of Farragut Post of the G.A.R.—Mr. Organ enlisted at the beginning of the Civil War at a recruiting station where the Merchandise Mart now stands, he says. He was wounded during the Red river campaign in 1864, and his happiest memory of the '60's is the three day trip he made on a woodburning train at the close of the war to see Mr. Lincoln. His round trip fare from Rock Island to Washington he recalled, was $12.00. A dinner will be given in the home of Dr. William R. Cubbins, 425 Arlington Place, in honor of Mr. Organ's birthday. Mr. Organ seldom misses a church service, he says the weather never keeps him away. We wish Mr. Organ good health — good luck — and many happy returns!

•

The many friends of Mrs. Dora Reynolds will be glad to hear Mrs. Reynolds is slowly regaining her health and strength by complying with the advice of her physician that she take a complete rest. We are encouraged to believe she will be fully restored to health by the time Church opens in the fall. She has the heartiest best wishes from all!

•

A friendly letter of appreciation was received from the secretary of the Young Peoples' Club, who was one of the three delegates sent by the Church and The Young Peoples' Club jointly, to the summer conference of Unitarian young people at the Isles of Shoals. Miss Tillis wrote that it is an experience they will never forget—The lectures—the conferences—the meeting with so many delightful people; and particularly the Candle-light services every evening in the old stone Church high up on a rocky hill has been most impressive, awakening in them the sense of duty and responsibility that young people owe to society. We are constantly hoping, she said, that we can apply some of these thoughts and ideals in our work when we return. In closing her letter Marie said "I hope we are not selfish, but we will all be happy when we are back together again working in the Peoples Church and our Club — We can hardly wait for fall Dr. Bradley, but we do want you to have a fine vacation and a real rest."

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THE BAZAAR

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"Time marches on!" It is not too early to remind all the members and friends of The Peoples Church that before you can wink the Annual Bazaar will be in the offing! It will be held the first week in December. Does that seem far away? Not too far to begin to get ready for it. Vacation days pass more quickly than any others, you know. You read —you fish—you paddle a canoe—you traipse about in an automobile maybe—you play golf or tennis or bridge — you dream and watch the waves roll in or the clouds sail in a blue sky—you eat and sleep and loaf more than usual — you yawn and laugh and watch the sunset — and another day has passed—then another—and a week glides by without warning—then a month—and one day you will look out in the morning and see white frost on the porch roof and then maybe you'll realize the summer has gone and the Bazaar just around the corner! So — begin to plan what you will do for it—and start right in! Specially ladies who are putting up jelly and jam and fruits and pickles—set aside some on a shelf to send to the Bazaar, will you? And you who like to do hand work—have some "pick-up work" you can take to the porch or when you go visiting, that you intend for the Bazaar; you will put so much fun and laughter and pleasure into it, it is sure to bring a good sale—and success to The Peoples Church Bazaar!

DOCTOR BRADLEY KEPT THE FOLLOWING ENGAGEMENTS DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE

1—Commencement. Tama, Iowa.
2—Commencement. Harvard, Ill.
3—Commencement. Crystal Lake, Ill.
5—Sermon. Peoples Church.
5—Radio broadcast. Longene-Wittnauer Hour.
5—Address. Grace Presbyterian Church.
6—Address. Eastern Ill. Teachers College, Charleston, Ill.
6—Address. I.W.L.A. Picnic. Charleston, Ill.
6—Commencement. Charleston High School.
8—Meadville Theological Seminary Commencement.
9—Commencement. Sheboygan High School.
10—Commencement. High School Shabonna, Ill.
11—Commencement address. Lake Forest College.
12—Service. Peoples Church. Closing Service.
13—Address. State Exchange Banquet. South Bend, Ill.
14—Commencement. Central High School. Owasso, Mich.
15—Commencement. Central H. S. Lansing, Mich.
16—Address. Lansing Kiwanis Club.
17—Address. Lansing Rotary Club.
17—Commencement. East Lansing H. S.
19—Baccalaureate Sermon. Antioch College.
20—Meeting. Normal School Board.
20—Address. 1st Baptist Church. Joliet, Ill.

• • •

FUNERALS

10—Frank Fulton. Interment, Mt. Hope.
13—Mrs. Cora Schaefer. Interment, Graceland.
25—Mrs. Ida C. Maehler.. Interment, Memorial Park Cemetery.

• • •

WEDDINGS

4—Norman Wilson Thomas and Mildred G. Seymour.
4—Frederick C. Timms and Adeline Lapekas.
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June 29—Invocation and Benediction at Commencement of American Hospital School of Nursing, Peoples Church Auditorium.

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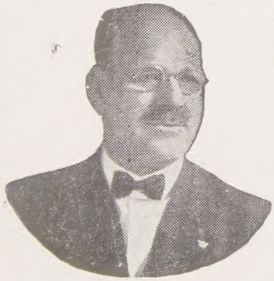

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